

# AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

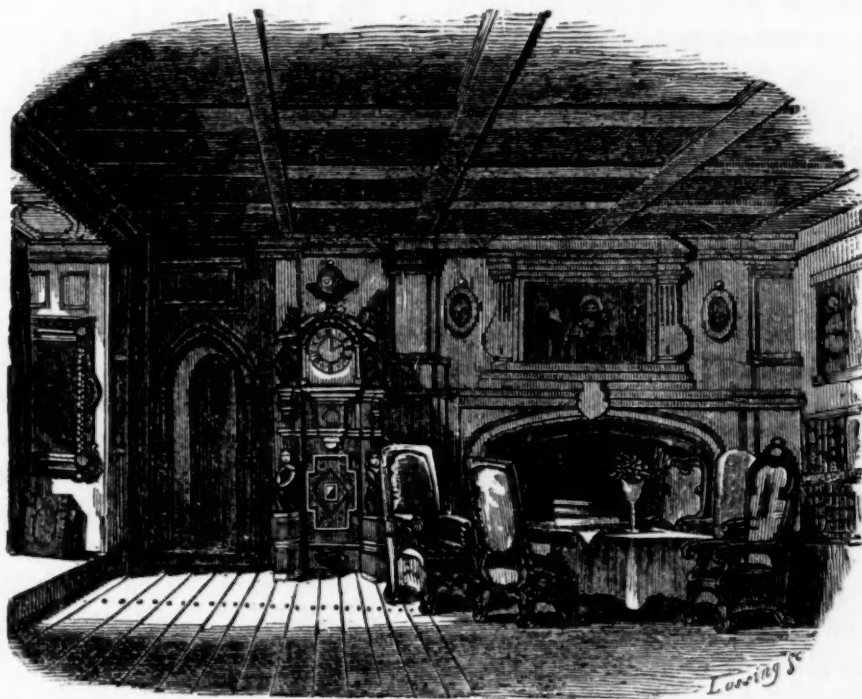
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ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

Here our readers may take a glimpse of an English or an American parlor, as it was furnished and arranged two or three generations ago. Though its aspect would have appeared to most eyes quite strange and antiquated five years since, fashion, by one of its latest changes, has brought back many of the old forms of domestic furniture; and those who are within the sphere of her earliest influences, that is in cities and towns, are already familiar with such objects as were supposed to have disappeared forever. We may regret many of the changes which fashion introduces, and indeed we have often substantial reasons for so doing: but, with respect to our homes and firesides, we may bear in mind with pleasure, that there is some-

thing there which we may place beyond her power; that here we can, if we will, resist all her assaults upon us and the little band we here assemble.

We have often presented our readers with descriptions and illustrations of the domestic conditions and habits of different nations and tribes of men; and how great is the contrast which most of them make with the English or the American family, to the eye of one qualified to appreciate the real, substantial excellencies of the latter! A volume would be too small to contain a just and complete eulogium on those homes in which we receive our first lessons on our duties and rights, in which our characters are laid down in outline, and where the plans are sketched out which we spend

our lives in executing. Let us duly deliberate on the nature of those influences, which our fathers and mothers exert upon our minds and hearts in that place, and appreciate in some good degree the various nets and bands thrown about us, by the affections of brothers, sisters and friends, in a family ordered and trained as all families should be, on the pure, simple and practical principles of the Bible. Here is the foundation on which America rests. Here are all our hopes of the future good of our country: for the hearth-stone of the American family rests upon the Word of God. No wonder that the family with us is the source of love and light and excellence.

The furniture of the habitations of a country affords one of the best and simplest means for judging of the condition of the people. The variety has been exceedingly great, if we comprehend different ages and countries; for the convenience, necessities and materials of different tribes and families of man differ beyond our power to estimate. We have heretofore given descriptions, in preceding numbers of this Magazine; and the review is instructive, as well as interesting. It is one of the subjects in which the philanthropist will find matter for observation and reflection, and aid in appreciating the advantages enjoyed in some states of society, and the obstacles opposed by others, to enjoyment or civilization.

We may be in danger, however, of estimating too highly domestic furniture of the most injurious and elegant descriptions, by losing sight of the great points of utility and taste. A superficial observer might be ready to pronounce the simple and rude objects constituting the furniture of a nomadic tent, unquestionable evidences of barbarian manners and savage taste and rudeness. But a few lines from Genesis might easily be quoted, to show his error. There is an element in true civilisation and refinement,

which has been overlooked, even by some writers who call themselves Christian philosophers. That influence abode with Abraham, when, with more than what is commonly called "eastern hospitality," he "received angels unawares;" and with those "who wandered in sheep skins and goat skins, persecuted, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy." And it is of importance that in our days, and in our habitations, we should not forget this attendant of their refinement, or rather this only legitimate root of it, in the arrangements we make for the comfort of our families and the decoration of our dwellings. It may be an appropriate enquiry for some of us, whether all have given due regard to the adaptation of everything to the moral and intellectual training of the persons who inhabit our houses. There never has been a time when more expense was incurred for furniture than now, or when fashion exerted greater power, in dictating frequent additions and changes. And who or what is fashion? On what grounds are the changes made, and why were these various articles around us, in their present forms, lately urged upon our adoption? Who devised them, and why were they made to supercede their predecessors? Some of them we certainly owe to their intrinsic superiority in convenience, utility or economy. But how is it with the greater part, and those of the most expensive descriptions? Some of our readers, we have little doubt, can look round upon the furniture of their apartments, and give a satisfactory reply to questions like these: but we are also sure there are some of our countrymen, who have not acted on the most rational and proper views of the subject. Such views it is not difficult to arrive at, if we recollect what is the original and legitimate object of the family institution. The benefit of our children is the great design. Whether we gratify strangers or not, whether we

have much or little company agreeable to ourselves, if our childrens' training is slighted, our chief end is not gained. As we have not room to-day to pursue this point much further, we will close with an extract from a late English Magazine, which illustrates the importance of the influence of fire-side scenes of the right kind; leaving our readers for the present to their own reflections, on a topic which we regard with deep and peculiar interest.

## THE BIBLE AND HOME.

"I seldom open my Bible but I feel grateful for the early care which allows me now to associate my first thoughts of that holy book with pleasant remembrances. No weary task rises up before me; no toilsome repetition ill understood; no soiled page, blotted with my tears; no sad, sad punishment-lesson; but, instead of these, memories on which I love to dwell, and, among them, the kind look and the gentle tone of commendation that rewarded any voluntary exertion of reading or repetition. A privilege and a pleasure I felt it was, in those first days of life, to pore upon the large print of our old Family Bible, and to spend hours, happy hours too, in, most literally, spelling over those simple and beautiful histories of Scripture, while the sunbeams, I well remember, when in my favorite nook in a western window, not unfrequently illuminated the page. How suitable the gilding for the book!

Nor do I ever read the 23d Psalm, but early recollections steal over me; and I am in an instant, by the magic of memory, transported to the home of my childhood; and the hour, brief and bright, when I first heard those sacred words, shines out vividly from the midst of the surrounding obscurity. I do not think I have an earlier recollection than this; for after it there comes a blank, a dimness; and then life begins to tell its continuous story.

Let me look back through these long, long years, and recall that hour.

"It must have been a winter's evening, I suppose, for a large bright fire burned before us; and it seems to me I have never seen so bright a fire since; our table was drawn close to it. The night may have been cold; but it was

not stormy, for I well remember the stillness without and within. The day was not an ordinary one: probably it was a Sabbath evening, for there seemed to be a calmness in the very atmosphere. The room is indistinct to me—I have no recollection even of familiar furniture: all else is in the back ground, save that brightly polished table, the glowing fire, and the group beside it. I could at this moment, were I there, point out the very spot where my mother sat: my father was opposite her; and before him lay open, upon the table, what seemed to my inexperienced comprehension of size, a large, very large book; while I a little child stood by his side. And young indeed I must have been, when I recollect I was alone by that hearth, which has since been gladdened by many a childish tone. In the very fulness of this feeling, I recollect looking gladly on all things around.

"My father was reading 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' And beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful, did these words, and each succeeding one, seem to me. The imagery—thus far a child of the country—was within my comprehension, and it was at once understood. 'The green pastures, the still waters,' were they not my daily companions? Even 'the valley of the shadow of death' thus presented, brought no terror to my young imagination. While, with a loved mother near, where is the child who would not in a moment feel the force and fondness of that simile 'the prepared table, the cup that runneth over?'

"The domestic affections beautifully interpret the child's first Scripture lessons! I know my mother's look was full of gentleness and tenderness. I remember, yes, I still remember, the real solemnity and earnestness of my father's voice and manner. As a child, I knew not the meaning of all the words he read; but I felt them then.

"A few years passed; and, while yet a little child, I left my early home. I exchanged 'God's work,' the country, for 'man's work,' the town.

"Since, in wanderings on the quiet earth and on the stormy sea, in the anguish of sickness, in the gladness of health, in the darkness of sorrow, that hour has spoken 'peace' to me."

[Eng. Magazine.]



### Commercial Movements in the Far East.

The recent establishment of a British settlement on the little island of Labuan is an event of great importance to Navigation. Abounding in coal, and affording a safe and convenient anchorage midway between Hong-kong and Singapore, it will yield inestimable advantages to our shipping in those seas; and it will especially facilitate our intercourse with the magnificent island of Kalamantan, (improperly called Borneo,) which has recently laid open to us by the surprising fortunes of our good and gallant countryman, James Brooke, now hereditary rajah of Sarawak. The next mail will probably bring us interesting intelligence from that quarter. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane had sailed from Singapore, at the date of the last despatches, with a large force to chastise the piratical Sultan of Bruni, and to crush the Malay rovers, who, forgetting the lessons inflicted on them two years ago, have lately resumed their murderous courses with extraordinary audacity.

Measures are in progress for the establishment of a steam navigation from Singapore to Sydney. This would be connected on the one hand with the line from England via Ceylon, and on the other it would link together in one continuous chain all the British ports and settlements from Chusan to New Zealand.

While we are thus actively engaged in extending our commercial resources, we are also deriving benefit from the more liberal policy, which our own example has commended to the adoption of our neighbors in those regions. Struck by the rapidly growing prosperity of our free ports of Singapore, the Dutch have begun to abandon their jealous system of exclusion. They have already declared Sambras and Pontrana, on the island of Kalamantan, and Rhio, on Battam, to be free ports; and it is rumored, that they are about forthwith to remove the interdict against foreign vessels touching at the Moluccas. These are good auguries, and encourage us to look for the spread of the same enlightened views in other quarters. If the Dutch have learned wisdom from experience, so too may the Japanese, their close allies, and hitherto their partners in error. A commercial mission from

this country to the court of Japan begins to be talked of as not an improbable event; nor do we believe that the project, if strongly backed by the commercial classes, would meet with much objection on the part of the administration. Its final success would richly compensate us for the disappointments we have incurred in China; and that success would mainly depend on our own prudence in planning and carrying out the mission. The opportunity is peculiarly favorable: the Dutch would probably find that their interest lay rather in co-operating with us than in opposing our efforts; the Japanese people of every grade appear earnestly to desire the proposed change; whilst the government, which is by no means deficient in intelligence, in all likelihood pursues its old routine rather in obedience to its sense of decorum than to its abstract convictions, and would willingly accept a sufficient pretext for abandoning an irksome system, no longer justified by such circumstances as those under which it was established.—*London Spectator*

CHUSAN.—We passed along under the southern shore of the large island of Chusan. The general aspect of the island is hilly, the hills being separated by rich and well cultivated valleys, with here and there a fertile plain. Sometimes the mountains rose abruptly from the water's edge, their barren rocky surface and steep ascent forbidding the labours of the husbandman; but more frequently the ascent was gradual and the surface smooth: and the cultivated patches which adorned their sides and sometimes their summits, at the height of four or five hundred feet above the water, told us of the patient industry of the cultivators of the soil. Notwithstanding the teeming population, there is not in China a famine of bread nor a thirst for water. Not unfrequently between the water and the mountains was a plain of a mile or more in width, covered with paddy fields and fields of millet, which, as it grows, very much resembles Indian corn. Numerous little hillocks extending for miles along the shore, and large numbers of workmen engaged in their labours, or sitting in long lines on the shore taking their rest, indicated the extent of the manufacture of salt.—*Miss Chronicle.*



### The Woodcock.

*Scolopax Minor*, as he is judiciously named by naturalists, to distinguish him from his European brother *Scolopax Rusticola*, which is above one-third larger and heavier in the ratio of 16 to 9, the mud-snipe, blind-snipe, or big-headed snipe, as he is variously called in various parts of the country, may be termed an amphibious bird, and is nearly allied to the waders. He haunts woodland streams and swamps; sunny hill-sides covered with saplings; if contiguous to wet feeding-grounds; wide meadows interspersed with tufts of alders or willows; and at times, and in peculiar districts, open and grassy marshes, quite destitute of under-wood or timber.

With us, of the Northern States, he is a summer bird of passage, as he may be termed with propriety; although he pays us his annual visit early in spring; sometimes, in open seasons, before the last moon of winter has waned her snowy round, and defers his departure until the very end of autumn.

In the Southern States, on the contrary he is found only during the short and genial winter, quitting them altogether during the overpowering heats, which our water loving friend finds unendurable.

In reply to a question which I propounded some years since, to the readers of the *New York Turf Register*, "whether in soft and sheltered situations of the most northern of the Southern States, the woodcock may not be found throughout the year," I was informed by an anonymous correspondent, that among the higher valleys of the Appalachian chain, such is the case throughout the southern portion of that great ridge; and that in the northern parts of Virginia especially, they are to be taken at all seasons of the year. For this fact, however, I cannot vouch on my own knowledge, and, indeed, I am somewhat doubtful of its correctness. I prefer, therefore, to consider it as everywhere migratory; and of its migrations I shall speak hereafter, premising only that they are but partially understood as yet, that much mystery is connected with them, and that their circumstances are as interesting as they are curious.

To describe minutely a bird so well known throughout the cultivated portions of North America—for it is a sin-

gular fact that he is never found in the wilderness, following everywhere the skirts of civilization—would be a work, it should seem, of supererogation. I shall say a few words, however, of his general appearance, in order to indicate the very bird I mean to my readers, beyond the possibility of a mistake. For mistakes are, indeed, possible, owing, as I have observed, to the confused nomenclature of game, prevailing in this country; and of this I am a good witness, as I was once dragged up to the summit of one of the highest hills in Orange county, N. Y., by the reiterated assertions of a very intelligent lad, a farmer's son in the vicinity, that he could show me more than fifty woodcock in that unusual and remote spot; the woodcock proving, when I had climbed the ridge, breathless and spent, on a broiling July day, to be large redheaded woodpeckers! utterly worthless either for sport or for the table, and no more like to *Scolopax Minor* than was a Hyperion to a Satyr.

This beautiful bird, then, varying in weight, when full grown, from eight to eleven ounces—I have heard but one instance of his exceeding the latter—is about thirteen inches in length, measured from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the toes, the bill alone exceeding one-fourth of the whole length; and eighteen in breadth, from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The curious implement by which he obtains all his nourishment is of a highly-polished horny substance, stout at the base, and tapering gradually to the tip, where the upper mandible, projecting considerably, beyond the lower is terminated in a knot of exquisite delicacy and sensibility. The head is somewhat triangular in shape, with the large, full, black eye—constructed, as is the case in all birds which fly or feed by night, so as to catch and concentrate every ray of light—situate nearer the apex, or crown, than in any other bird; a peculiarity which, added to the unusual size of the head, gives a foolish and clumsy air to this otherwise beautiful little fowl. The brow of the adult bird is of a greyish white, gradually darkening until it reaches the crown, where it is shaded into the richest black; the whole hinder parts, from the neck downward to the tail, are exquisitely larded and variegated with a thousand minute wavy lines of black, ash color, cinnabar

brown, and umber, the tail feathers having a broad band of black close to their extremities, and beyond this a tip of snowy whiteness. The chin is white, but the throat and breast, nearly as far as the insertion of the thighs, are of a warm yellowish chestnut; the vent and thighs white. The legs, in the young birds, are of an olive green; in the adults, of a pale flesh color. There is no distinction of plumage, that I have been able to discover, between the sexes; nor has any been detected, so far as I am aware, on dissection; and the only difference between the young and old birds, size and weight excepted, is the change in the color of the legs, and the increased whiteness of the forehead.

This interesting bird is rarely or never seen by day, unless by those who are especially in pursuit of him; and by them even he is found with difficulty, unless when hunted by well broke dogs.

At nightfall, however, he may often be seen on the wing, darting athwart the gloom from the dry upland coverts, in which at many seasons he loves to lie, toward his wet feeding grounds. During the hours of darkness he is on the alert constantly; by night he seeks his food; by night he makes his long and direct migrations, choosing for this latter purpose foggy weather, at or about the full of the moon.

By day he lies snugly ensconced in some lonely brake, among long grass and fern, under the shade of the dark alder or the silvery willow, and near to some marshy level, or muddy streamlet's brink during the summer; but, in the autumn, on some dry westering hill-side, clothed with dense second growth and saplings.

In very quiet spots, especially where the covert over head is dense and shadowy, he sometimes feeds by day; and it has been my fortune once or twice to come upon him unsuspected when so engaged, and to watch him for many minutes probing the soft loam, which he loves the best, with his long bill, and drawing forth his succulent food, from the smallest red wire-worm to the largest lob-worm, suitable for the angler's bait when fishing for perch or the yellow bass of the lakes.

It is by the abundance of this food that his selection of haunts is dictated, and his choice of season, in some considerable degree, controlled. On sandy and

hungry soils, as of Long Island for example, he is found rarely in company, and never in the large congregations which so rejoice the heart of the sportsman in more favored localities. Still more does he eschew sour marsh land and peat bogs, wherein, by the way, the worm he most affects hardly exists; while on fat loamy bottom lands, whether the color of the soil be red or black, rich with decomposed vegetable matter, he may be found in swarms.

It must be understood, however, that after the young brood have left the parent birds, which departure occurs after the first moult, the woodcock is a solitary bird, acting and moving for himself alone, although the same causes may draw hundreds of them to one neighborhood, and seldom flying in flocks, or associating in anywise with his fellows.

Woodcock arrive among us, in the Middle and Northern States, from Pennsylvania so far eastward as to the western counties of Maine almost simultaneously, in February or March, according to the earliness and openness of the season, often before the snow is off the ground. They arrive paired already, and immediately set about the duties of incubation.

This nest is rude and inartificial, consisting merely of a hollow in the ground, with a few straws or rushes carelessly gathered round it, the bill of the old bird proving doubtless an awkward implement for nidification. This nest is made, if made it can be said to be, under the shelter of a reedy tussock or stunted bush, on the verge of large wet meadows; and should the season be dry early, enabling the birds to sit on low ground, and should a sudden flood ensue, numbers of broods are destroyed; a casualty from which I do not consider them secure, until the beginning of June at least, when, in an early season, the young birds are able to shift for themselves.

In such a nest, and in such situations, the woodcock lays from two to six blueish eggs, irregularly blotched with brown. How long the process of incubation continues, I have not been able accurately to ascertain; but I have seen the old birds sitting so early as the 10th of March, yet never have seen young birds able to fly earlier than the middle of May.

[Game of North America.]



### Visit to Japan.

It was about the first of April, as Captain Cooper was proceeding towards the whaling regions of the northern ocean, that he passed, in the neighborhood of St. Peter's, a small island lying a few degrees to the S. E. of Nippon. It is comparatively barren and was supposed to be uninhabited; but being near it, Capt. C. thought he would explore the shore for turtle, to afford his ship's company some refreshment. While tracing the shore along, he discovered a pinnacle of curious construction, which resembled somewhat those he had seen in the China seas. Turning his walks inland, he entered where he unexpectedly saw at some distance from him several persons in uncouth dresses, who appeared alarmed at his intrusion and immediately fled to a more secluded part of the valley. He continued his walk and soon came to a hut, where were collected eleven men, whom he afterwards found to be a Japanese. As he approached them they came forward and prostrated themselves to the earth before him, and remained on their faces for sometime. They were much alarmed and expected to be destroyed; but Captain C., with great kindness, reconciled them to his presence, and learned by signs that they had been shipwrecked on St. Peter's many months before. He took them to the shore, pointed to his vessel, and informed them that he would take them to Jeddo, if they would entrust themselves to his care. They consented with great joy; and abandoning everything they had on the island, embarked with him immediately for his ship.

Captain C., determined to proceed at once with them to Jeddo, the capital of the Japanese Empire, notwithstanding its well known regulations, prohibiting American and other foreign vessels to enter its waters. The captain had two great laudable objects in view. The first was to restore the shipwrecked strangers to their homes. The other was to make a strong and favorable impression on the government, in respect to the civilisation of the United States, and its friendly disposition to the emperor and people of Japan. How he succeeded in the latter object the sequel will show; and I will make but few remarks, either on the boldness of Captain C.'s resolution, or its ultimate consequences touching the

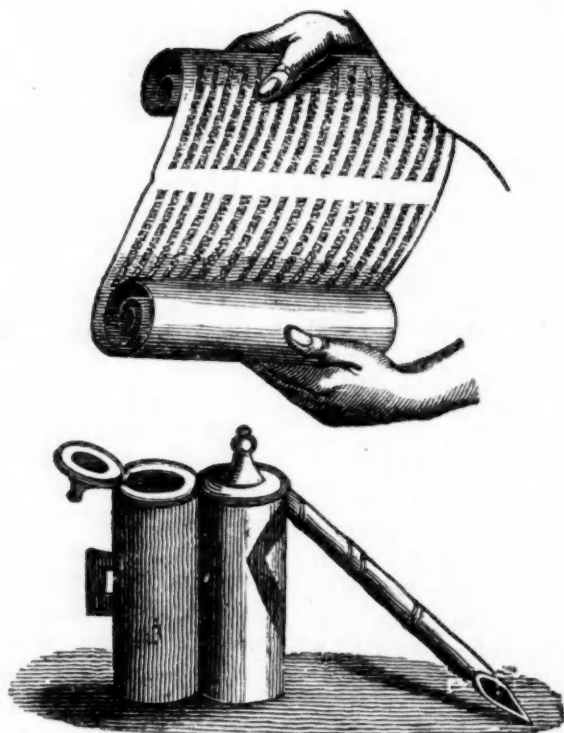
intercourse of the Japanese with other nations. The step decided on, however, has led to some curious and interesting information relative to this country, whose institutions, and the habits of whose people are but little known to the civilized world.

Captain C. left St. Peter's, and after sailing a day or two in the direction of Nippon, he descried a huge and shapeless object on the ocean, which proved to be a Japanese ship or "junk," as these vessels are called—wrecked and in a sinking condition. She was from a port on the extreme north of Nippon, with a cargo of pickled salmon, bound for Jeddo. She had been shattered and dismantled some weeks previous, and was drifting about the ocean at the mercy of the winds; and, as a gale arose the following day, the captain thinks she must have sunk. From this ship he took eleven men more—all Japanese—and made sail again for the shores of Nippon. Among the articles taken from the wreck by its officers, were some books and a chart of the principal islands composing the empire of Japan. This chart I shall speak of in detail hereafter, and it is perhaps, one of the most interesting specimens of geographical art and literature, which have ever wandered from the shores of eastern Asia.

In making land, our navigator found himself considerably to the north of Jeddo; but approaching near the coast, he landed in his boat, accompanied by one or two of his passengers. Here, he noticed many of the inhabitants employed in fishing at various distances from the land. The natives he met on shore were mostly fishermen, and all appeared to belong to the common or lower classes of society. They seemed intelligent and happy, were pleased with his visit, and made no objection to his landing. From this place he dispatched one of his passengers to the emperor, who was at Jeddo, with the intelligence of his intention or wish to enter the harbor of the capital with his ship, for the purpose of landing the men whom he had found under such distressed circumstances, and to obtain water and other necessities to enable him to proceed on his voyage. He then returned to his ship, and sailing along the coast for many leagues, compared his own charts with the one taken.

(To be Concluded.)





## ANCIENT BOOKS, &amp;c.

We recur again to this copious subject, and present an enlarged view of an ancient book, pen and inkstand, whose forms are preserved in descriptions, and in drawings, on medals, &c.

The tablets were thin plates of wood, or metal, thinly coated with wax, which was engraved on with a stylus, or large pin, of such a size and form as occasionally to serve as an offensive, and even a deadly weapon. The name is derived from the Greek word applied to a column, and thence came to express the different orders of architecture. We apply it very extensively to the manner of writing and many other subjects. The Italians have formed from it their name for a small dagger: "stiletto."

The Romans overlooked the importance of having ink which would dye their parchment and paper, and consequently their manuscripts were easily washed white, and those remaining in our day are legible only by a slight difference of surface. The double inkstand (see above,) probably contained black and

red inks; and the pen was made of a reed, cut and split nearly like our quill pens, and still more like the reed-pens of the modern Arabs and Turks. Their red ink was made of cinnabar. The tablets were fastened together by hinges, and sometimes several were connected, and had a ring to hang them up by when folded together. They were called by the Romans *tabulæ* or *tabellæ*, and distinguished, according to the number of their leaves, as *duplices*, *triplices*, *quintuplices*, &c.

The rolls were read by gradually unrolling one end and rolling up the other. A roll was called *volumen*, from *volvo*, to roll; and hence our word *volume*, for book. The end was called *frons*, or front, and to it was attached a ticket, bearing the title. Sometimes the title was put on both ends, and the roll was called *gemina frons*.

The French government has patronized an exploration of the island of Cyprus, for the purpose of exploring its architectural remains.



SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT.

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting spots in London, and we might safely say in England and even in all Europe, to an American of intelligence and literary taste. However much we may find to admire, among the novelties in manufacturing towns, commercial or naval ports, the mines or railroads, we meet in that secluded retreat a crowd of old and revered friends: the great writers, whose works have occupied the chief places in our libraries and those of our fathers. Here are names which we have heard mentioned with the highest respect, by lips from which are received our earliest lessons of wisdom; and portraits of others, too familiar to our eyes, and too closely associated with recollections of our homes, to need any inscription.

Among these is the bust of Shakspeare: that poet whose very name is connected with ideas of beauty and sublimity in nature, and some of the deepest

emotions of the heart. We have often wished that the real beauties of Shakspeare's writings might be selected, placed alone and preserved, for the reading of all. But the gold is mixed with so much dross, that the mass is too impure to be thrown indiscriminately even upon the ground where our children are to pass.

Among all the scenes connected with merely literary associations, which we have had the pleasure of visiting, in the course of our foreign travels, we can confidently say that none were invested with greater interest than the 'Poets' Corner,' at Westminster Abbey, and the town of Stratford upon Avon. The former owed a large share of its interest in our eyes to the monument of Shakspeare, of which our print is a copy, and the other its entire attractions to its being both the birth-place and the grave of that distinguished poet. We had occasion to reflect while in both those places, as we often have done on different occasions, that an

American feels deeper emotions at the tomb or the birth-place of an eminent English poet, even than one of his own countrymen. This remark, however, should perhaps be more properly limited to those who are of a generation preceding the latest, for there are now too many evidences of a different literary education, and a neglect of the old standard writers. We can all perhaps do something, little or much, to counteract the prevailing current in its deviations from better channels.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford upon the Avon, a market-town of Warwickshire, in the year 1564, being son of a wool-dealer of that place, and the eldest of ten children. He received only a common education, and some instruction at the grammar school, and it appears that he never acquired anything more than a very imperfect knowledge of Latin and Greek, French and Italian. The various subjects of his writings, however, must have led him to much reading of the history of several countries, especially of England; and his wonderful taste and skill as a writer, which, in many points, have not been exceeded, if ever rivalled or even approached, enabled him to present scenes and personages, with a degree of appropriateness and force, which fill the critics with admiration, and almost deprive them of the power of cool and dispassionate judgment. We wish to be understood here, as speaking of those passages in his writings which are true to fact, morality and good taste. Others we are not inclined to commend, and much less to invite our readers to peruse. Among those who most admire the genuine and legitimate beauties of this poet, we rank ourselves; and at the same time we choose to stand among the foremost in condemning his faults, errors and offences against morality and good taste, which are many and great.

But we should have reserved our re-

marks on these points to a later page. Our apology is, that while alluding to his writings, it is natural and almost necessary to have the feelings excited, and to forget the rules of order and system in the arrangement of topics.

In his youth Shakspeare had the misfortune to fall awhile into bad, or at least thoughtless and mischievous society, and he was arrested on a charge of stealing deer, in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, in the neighborhood. He endeavoured to shake off the disgrace of this misconduct, and the public trial which ensued, by satirical attacks upon the man he had injured, and some of those engaged in bringing him to punishment; and some of the clownish magistrates and witnesses introduced in his dramas are said to be close imitations of several of his old neighbors at Stratford.

At the age of seventeen or eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway, a woman of excellent domestic qualities, whose praises he has recorded in a few stanzas, containing, according to the popular taste of the day, many puns upon her name, which he divided so as to make several words easily brought into sentences: "*Anne hath a way.*"

Aubrey says he "was well shaped, verie good companie and had a verie pleasant and reddie witt."

He took up his residence in London, where he was the companion and friend of Ben Jonson and other poets of the time; and it is evident, even from the most hasty examinations of the writings of the former, that Shakspeare owed to him and others many of those expressions, and indeed some of those ideas, which most readers would attribute wholly to his invention. So much and so necessarily is every writer influenced by his predecessors and contemporaries, that it is often difficult to ascertain what is wholly original. It has been said that he at first found, in London, only the humble business of holding horses for



the visitors attending the theatre: but it is certain that he, ere long attracted by his writings the attention of distinguished personages, and ever enjoyed the patronage of the Earl of Southampton and Queen Elizabeth, and after making a small fortune, as manager and proprietor of the theatre, retired to a country seat in his native village, where he died on the 23d of April, 1616, in the 53d year of his age. He was buried in his family vault, which was constructed below the ground, on the north side of the chancel of the old church of Stratford upon the Avon—a town and a spot which has received thousands of visitors, attracted solely by his fame, as one of the greatest poets of England and the world.

The following lines form the introduction to the elegant poem written by Garrick, on the occasion of the celebration of Shakspeare's birthday, which was observed with great ceremony. These lines we found spontaneously upon our lips, while swiftly passing in a post-chaise, one bright morning in May, over the antique bridge which crosses that gentle stream, and looking back upon the steeple of the church, the thick grove which clusters around it, and the smooth slopes of the low, uninhabited hills, which shut out every distant object, and every idea foreign to the place:

"Thou soft-flowing Avon, by whose silver stream

"Of things more than mortal thy Shakspeare would dream."

Ogilvie alludes to the same interesting spot in a similar tone when he says:

"Oft too, when eve, demure and still,  
Cnequers the green dale's purling rill,  
Sweet fancy pours the plaintive strain;  
Or, wrapt in soothing dream,  
By Avon's ruffled stream,  
Hears the low murmuring gale that dies  
along the plain."

Good sense, without education, is better than education without good sense.

### Indians of British Guiana.

From an address made at a missionary anniversary in London in May last, by the Rev. J. H. Bernau, of the Church Missionary Society, who was then on a visit to England for his health.

Before entering upon the mission itself, I may perhaps be permitted to describe the state of these poor Indians. Although once mighty tribes, they are now but a remnant, wandering about in the vast forests of that continent. They live in a perfect state of nudity. They are complete savages. They have no desire but to eat and drink. They are not idolaters: they believe in the Great Spirit who made heaven and earth, and from whom they receive nothing but good; but they do not trouble themselves about Him, because He does not trouble them.

As long as they are well, they are the most proud and independent people that can be met with; but when sickness overtakes them, their troubles commence, and instead of going to the Creator they turn to the devil, and make propitiations to him. They cut a leg from a deer, and hang it upon a tree. If that do not succeed, they call in the conjuror; not that he possesses any knowledge of medicine, but they suppose he is able to help them by conjuring or cursing the devil. The conjuror then has the sick person suspended in a hammock across the path, that the devil may make him well. They say the devil must pass one way or other along the path, and that therefore he will see the sick person, and help him. After the removal of the sick person to his former place, he takes his chance. If he get well, they imagine the devil has cured him: if he die, they curse the devil for not accepting the propitiation, but never shed a tear of sympathy or compassion. It is thus with the nearest relatives—father, mother, brother, or sister. They bury the corpse, and then desert the place forever, because they imagine it is haunted by evil spirits.

If the conjuror suspect the sick person has been poisoned, he looks at the body, and, on perceiving the least blue speck on the skin, he says, "This is the place where the invisible poisoned arrow has fastened." He then gathers certain leaves and boils them, and, in whatever direction the pot may boil over, he says, "In that direction the murderer has gone." The Indians then look out for

the nearest settlement in that direction, as there, it is supposed, the victim of revenge will be met with. The nearest relative then takes his bow and arrow, and, without speaking a word, or tasting any food, except roots and wild fruits, sets out in search of the guilty party. On meeting with a person, the first who may happen to approach, he waits until he has passed, and then shoots him through the back; afterwards digging a shallow grave, and placing the body in it. On the third night he goes and tastes the blood, and then returns home perfectly at ease.

When I have asked some of the natives how many persons they have killed, the answer has been, one, two, three, or more. On my further inquiring, "Has not your conscience smitten you?" the person interrogated has said, "Why?" quite unconscious of having done anything wrong. If the person shot should not drop down dead, but go home and die, the relations bury the body where it cannot be found by the murderer. This they do to punish him; for, if he do not taste of the blood of the slain, he must inevitably, they suppose, go mad. If the unfortunate victim be a woman, the avenger of blood throws her down, forces open the mouth, and thrusts one or two poisoned fangs of a serpent through the tongue. The consequence is, that the tongue swells up, the poor woman is unable to tell the perpetrator of the deed, inflammation ensues, and mortification ends her wretched existence.

I will now give you some account of the Mission. It was established in the year 1837, by the Society sending a catechist to Demarara. Eventually a settlement was formed at Bartica Point; but on my arrival there, in 1837, I did not find a single Indian. The catechist informed me that seventy persons had died of the measles, and that the rest had fled to the woods. My heart would have sunk within me but for an entire dependence on Him by whom I had been sent forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I set about forming a settlement; but to my great surprise I could not find any of the people. No one would help me. Finding this to be the case, I erected a temporary shed, and began my Missionary excursions; but whenever I reached a settlement the children, uttering a scream, ran away from me,

their mothers followed, and their fathers walked after them, with their bows and arrows in their hands.

I remained there for a year without being able to speak to a single Indian. At length I obtained the assistance of a little boy, with whom I paddled about from place to place, and prayed to God to direct me how to get at the hearts of the people. One day I was meditating upon 1 Cor. xii. 16—"Being crafty, I caught you with guile." O then, I thought it may sometimes be lawful to use stratagem in the cause of the Gospel. On my next trip, therefore, I took some small biscuits, and threw them after the children, who gathered them up. On the next occasion, I held a biscuit in my hand; but they would not approach until I had turned round, when they ran up, snatched the biscuit, and scampered into the bushes. On my next visit, I showed them that I had biscuits in my pocket, and they were sufficiently confiding to come and help themselves. It may be asked, What made them so suspicious at first? I found that the conjurors had been my chief enemies; saying that seventy persons had already died, and that, if they went, they would all die. On my fourth visit the little ones remained, and their mothers and fathers too. After having thus made them my friends, I first spoke to them on general subjects; and on my fifth or sixth visit introduced the subject of Religion.

I will now tell the meeting of the shrewdness which these savages manifested when I spoke to them of heaven, and told them of Jesus Christ having come into the world to save them. They said, "Well, now, Domine, where do you think our ancestors are?" I remembered the case of a Missionary who, in the eighth century, was sent over to convert the Danes. When he was in the act of baptising the Danish King, the king turned round and said, "Where do you think my ancestors are?" "Surely," said the missionary, "they are in hell." Upon this the King replied, "if my ancestors are in hell, I am not better than they that I should go to heaven." He then refused to be baptised, and became the relentless enemy and cruel persecutor of the missionary and his christian subjects; destroying and burning all the churches within his dominions.

*To be concluded.*



### Grave of Washington.

Large numbers of persons visit Washington annually, who amongst other objects of curiosity and veneration wish to see the grave and the former residence of George Washington at Mount Vernon. The distance from the seat of government is about 15 miles. The usual mode of getting there is by means of the steamboat to Alexandria, which is about half the distance to Mount Vernon. From there the visitor is obliged to go in a private conveyance, over one of the worst of roads.

John A. Washington, Esq., is the owner and occupant of the house formerly occupied by George Washington. He is the seventh of the name who have successively occupied Mount Vernon. The name of Washington is so renowned that crowds visit the place, very much to the annoyance of Mr. Washington and his family. Sticks are cut from the premises for canes; and the fruit trees are robbed. The names of visitors disfigure the fences and the trees; even the house itself does not escape the cuttings of the pocket knife. To prevent people from coming there is impossible. The annoyance is so great that the family have found it inconvenient to occupy the lower story of the house, and have retired at certain periods up stairs, where curiosity often asks for permission to look at the room where Washington slept.

Nor is there any probability that this state of things will be changed for the better. The numbers who wish to visit Mount Vernon will increase for all future time, unless the name of Washington should be forgotten.

It becomes, therefore, a serious question to Mr. Washington to know what he shall do, if he can do anything, to gratify public curiosity, and yet not be overwhelmed by the curious.

It has been suggested that a steamboat from Washington might run daily to Mount Vernon, and that sentinels might be placed about the property so as to prevent any disorderly persons from doing mischief. By furnishing visitors with refreshments on board, there would be much less complaint than there now is from robbing the fruit trees in their season.

The steamboats which ply up and down the Potomac are always in the habit of tolling their bells as they pass

the tomb of Washington, as a mark of veneration. This always serves as a signal to the passengers of their approach to the spot. A few weeks since, the "Harmoneons," after having given several concerts at Washington, proceeded down the Potomac on board the steamboat.

As the boat approached Mount Vernon, notice was given to all on board that the musicians would sing one of their favorite pieces. The boat stopped opposite the tomb, when every soul on board the boat came on deck, and with heads uncovered, amidst the most profound stillness and solemnity listened, while they heard, "The Grave of Washington" sung. The piece mentioned beginning:

"Awake not his slumbers — tread lightly  
around,  
'Tis the grave of a freeman—'tis liberty's  
mound;

and ending—

"Oh! wake not the hero—his battles are  
o'er,  
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair  
shore;  
On this river's green border so gaudily drest,  
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Wash-  
ington rest."

[Selected.]

### A Christian Home.

O! great, unspeakable, is the blessedness of a godly home! here is the cradle of the Christian; hence he sallies forth for the encounter with the world, armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full hope of victory under his heavenly Leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a dutiful and affectionate look, regarding it as the type and pledge of another home; hither, too, when sore wounded in that conflict, he resorts to repair his drooping vigor; here when abandoned by the selfish sons of this world, he finds, as in a sanctuary, the children of God ready with open arms to receive him; and here the returning prodigal, folded in the embrace of those who know not, dream not, of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels all at once his heart burn with shame and repentance. Merciful God, what a city of refuge hast thou ordained in the Christian home!

[Ep. Recorder.]



**Recipes.***Virginia Corn-Bread, Hoe-Cakes, Ash-pone, &c. &c.*

The only difficulty in making bread of Indian Corn, is in the simplicity and ease of the process; which indeed is so simple as to be successfully practised by every ignorant negro woman in Virginia, and, indeed, by almost every child, and by every male laborer, when at work away from home. So easy is the task, and so slight the danger of failure, that few mistresses of families have found it necessary, for the purpose of instructing their servants, to learn and practise themselves, or to watch the ordinary process of bread making.—So palatable is this food, and so universal the preference for it, that every laborer would choose to prepare and bake his own corn bread, and eat it fresh and warm, rather than to use cold and older bread. And this preference would apply, even if ready baked, and cold bread of wheaten flour, were the substitute offered for warm corn bread. An important additional value of corn bread, besides its being nutritious, wholesome, and palatable food, is found in the quickness and ease with which it can be prepared by the poor and the hungry. From the meal, as coming from the mill-stones, in 40 minutes the bread may be prepared and baked, and be ready for eating; and without any other aid or means than water, salt, and fire.

*Common loaf bread.*—The meal is sifted through a small hand-sieve of hair or wire. This permits the passing through of much of the finer particles of the bran; in which state the bread is preferred by most persons, to a more perfect separation of the bran, by a fine sieve or "search." To enough of the sifted meal for the loaf, or number of loaves required, in a wooden tray, a little salt is first added and well intermixed, and then cold water gradually poured and stirred in with the meal, until the mass has become a soft dough. It is then worked up or kneaded, for the purpose of producing thorough mixture and uniform consistency; for which a few minutes will suffice, unless the quantity of dough is large. The dough is then divided into loaves of convenient size, of circular or elliptical shape, and 2 or 3 inches thick, placed in the oven, (well-heated previously,) which is closed, and the proper

degree of heat continued. In a common iron (or Dutch) oven, which is the kind used by most families, the baking is completed, and the bread ready for the table, in 30 or 40 minutes.

The variations made by different cooks are mostly by varying the quantity of water. Some have the dough so wet as to be worked up and mixed by a spoon, and such soft dough requires to be baked in a mould. This mode, for small bakings, furnishes excellent bread. But the most important differences in the bread are owing less to different modes of cooking, than to the grinding of the meal. Common water-mills, with large and slow running stones, furnish the best meal, which in common parlance is a "round meal." From mill stones of small size and very rapid motion, and which heat the meal in grinding, or cut it "flat" or too fine, as good bread cannot be obtained. The kind of stone (or mineralogical character) used for the mill stones, affects the quality of the meal and bread, as well as the manner of grinding.

*Hoe Cakes.*—For these, the dough is shaped into cakes not more than half an inch thick, and laid upon a thin iron plate, (usually an old weeding hoe,) previously well heated, but not so hot as to burn or "blister" the dough. The cakes remain uncovered while baking, and of course the fire is applied only below the "hoe." When a very thin crust has been formed on the dough in contact with the iron, the cake is separated from it by a knife, and turned.—Ten minutes will usually be enough for the baking. These cakes, especially, are best when just baked, and hot, and lose much of their fine flavor when cold and stale.

The principal, if not the only dinner bread, at almost every country house in Virginia, is in one or both of the above forms. It is thus used in preference to wheaten bread, for economy. And this preference, from taste, is general among the rich and luxurious, as well as with those to whom greater cheapness would be sufficient ground for choosing. It is in our towns only, or by persons bred in towns, that wheaten bread is used, or is preferred for dinner.

"*Ash pone*," is the usual mode in which our negroes prepare bread in the fire places of their own houses; and by laborers when cooking in the field, or hunters when lodging in the forest. An

opening is made in the mass of hot ashes of a good wood fire, the dough loaf placed therein, either naked, or wrapped in large oak leaves, and then covered first with the ashes, and afterwards with burning coals. When enough baked, the loaf is taken out; and if protected by leaves from contact with the ashes, is merely stripped of the half-charred leaves and is ready to be eaten. But if without such covering, the thick crust of the loaf is still more thickened by a coat of adhering ashes, which is removed by washing the loaf in water. It is then again put before the fire to dry off the moisture received from the washing. In either mode of preparation, but especially the latter, the "ash pone" is the most palatable kind of all plain corn bread. But it requires more time and trouble; and for this reason, as well as for the rude preparation, it is rarely used except by those who enjoy but few conveniences for cooking; other than a large fire and plenty of fuel.—*N. Y. Express.*

(To be Concluded.)

## AGRICULTURAL.

### FARMER'S CALENDAR.

**Indian Corn.**—It is an error to plant seed from States farther South. In a cold season only the seed from a colder climate will ripen well.

Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in health; for when it lies in a hard-bound state, enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.

Weeds exhaust the strength of the ground, and if suffered to grow, may be called garden sins.

The hand and the hoe are the only instruments for eradicating weeds; yet if there is room between the rows for the spade it is well to use it.

Never keep your cattle short: for few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.

It will not do to hoe a great field for a little crop, or to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land and it will pay you for it. Better farm twenty acres well than forty acres by halves.

Drive your business before you and it will go easily.

In dry pasture dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequently near the surface on a height than in a vale.

Rain is cash to a farmer.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for land.

Cut bushes that you wish to destroy in the

summer and with a sharp instrument; they will bleed freely and die.

Sow clover deep; it secures it against drought.

Never plough in bad weather or when the ground is very wet.

It is better to cut grain just before it is fully or dead ripe. When the straw immediately below the grain is so dry that on twisting it no juice is expressed, it should be cut, for then there is no farther circulation of juices to the ear. Every hour that it stands uncut after this stage is attended with loss.

Accounts should be kept, detailing the expenses and produce of each field.

When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but let it first be well cleaned.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay very little attention to the moon.

Cultivate your own heart aright, remembering that "whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Do not begin farming by building an expensive house, nor erect a spacious barn till you have something to store in it.

Avoid a low and damp site for a dwelling house. Build sufficiently distant from your barn and stock yard to avoid accidents by fire.

Keep notes of all remarkable occurrences on your farm. Recording even your errors will be of benefit.

Good fences make good neighbors.

Experiments are highly commendable, but do not become an habitual experimenter.

The depredations of birds are fully compensated by the services they render in preying upon insects.—[SEL.]

**SUPERIOR MODE OF CURING HAMS.**—Agreeably to your request, I herein send you the process of curing the hams I sent you in March, which recently called forth the admiration of the American Agricultural Association, and the Farmers' Club at New York.

I made a pickle of two quarts of salt, to which I added one ounce of summer savory, one ounce of sweet marjorum, one ounce of allspice, half ounce of saltpetre, and one pound of brown sugar; boiled the whole together and applied the mixture, boiling hot, to one hundred pounds of ham, and kept it in pickle three or four weeks.

My process of smoking is the most expensive, but may not be the less exceptionable on that account. I smoked the hams in a seed cask, with one head in, with a small hole for the smoke to pass out, hung my hams in the head, and used about a peck of mahogany sawdust for fuel. I smoked them but one week.

W. STICKNEY.

*American Agriculturist.*

**TO KILL CROWS.**—Steep a quantity of corn in arsenic, and place it in different parts of the planted land.—*IBID.*



## POETRY.

[Communicated for the American Penny Magazine by a young Lady of New York.]

Speak No Ill—By Charles Swain.

Nay, speak no ill!—a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind;  
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far beneath a noble mind.  
Full oft a better seed is sown  
By choosing thus the kinder plan:  
For, if but little good is known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—  
Would fain another's fault efface;  
How can it pleasure human pride  
To prove humanity but base?  
No: let us reach a higher mood,  
A nobler estimate of man;  
Be earnest in the search for good,  
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be  
To others' failings as our own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known.  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then, oh, the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all the best we can!

Slander, says Lacon, cannot make the subject of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one. But we remain the same. Not so with the slanderer—the slander that he utters makes him still a worse slanderer than ever.

A Christian. A Christian is like the firmanent, and it is the darkness of affliction that makes his graces to shine out. He is like those herbs and plants that effuse their odors when bruised.

If thou affrontest the poor because of his poverty, which he brought not on himself by his vices, thou affrontest God's providence.

## ENIGMA.—NO. 25.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 11, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence from one of the eastern states.

My 3, 6, 1, 13, 11, 3, is an eminent English philosopher.

My 8, 11, 1, was an eccentric American preacher.

My 9, 11, 7, 11, 3, is a celebrated Grecian law-giver.

My 10, 7, 5, 3, 12, 11, 3, was a noted Governor of New York, to whom she is under great obligations.

My 3, 6, 7, 9, 11, 3, is a distinguished English naval commander.


My 8, 6, 4, 11, 6, is the author of a very popular tale.

My 8, 6, 1, 2, 12, 13, is an eminent Dutch statesman.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American military commander now living.

H. C. B.

*Solution of Enigma No. 24, p. 688.*—Zachery Taylor.

 *To our Subscribers.*—At the earnest solicitation of friends, and for reasons which, we are persuaded, would be approved by the judgment of our subscribers generally, we have determined to make certain changes in our Magazine, which will not only render it much more valuable, but will considerably increase the expense of publication. An increase of price will be necessary: but, as the publication will still be the cheapest of the kind in the country, and indeed in the world, as far as our knowledge extends, we confidently count on the continuance and increase of our patronage.

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